

Charlotte's Angels

by ExplicitXMAN

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Summary: Seth Rollins: The Boy Next Door Roman Reigns: The Sophisticated Samoan Dean Ambrose: The Wild Child. And they work for Charlotte, a 70-year old British woman who has never revealed herself to them. TBH, i suck at summaries, but you know what i'm talking about. Enjoy!

Charlotte's Angels

****Los Angeles ****

****2:15 P.M. ****

A deranged man with messy hair, bad teeth and wearing baggy clothes, sat in a first-class seat, alone on an plane, looking around and watched as the fellow passengers talked to one another, couples sneaking into the bathrooms and male and female flight attendants gossiping about rude passengers, trying his best not to look suspicious. While looking around, he grew impatient. He checked his wristwatch.

"Where the hell, is he?" He hissed. Apparently, he had a meeting with a drug dealer, that goes by the name: ****Dr. Jones.**** All he wanted was a bag of drugs...for a big price. If he didn't get what he wanted, he planned on killing everyone and himself on the plane with a time bomb, strapped across his chest. He turns his head and sees a 6'4", African-American man, in a African robe, tossing a little, black bag, approaching him. He turns back around and nervously shifts in his seat, as Dr. Jones sits next to him. They both sit there quietly and stare forward for five minutes, until he turns his head and gather up the courage to start a conversation.

"I hear birds can't fly this high." He said.

"I hear only Angels canâ€¦" Dr. Jones said. He turned his head

towards him. He pulls out the bag of drugs and poured it into his hand. The deranged man reached for the bag, but Jones snatched his hand back.

"Where's the bomb?" He asked. The man unzipped his jacket and exposed the bomb, with it counting down to 58 seconds...57..56. He quickly zips up his jacket, before looking out of the window, while Jones puts the bag into his pocket. A male flight attendant approaches them with a glass and a bottle of scotch.

"Shall i pour your scotch?" He asked.

"No, i'll take the bottle. Thank you." Jones said before snatching the bottle of scotch out of his hand. The male attendant nods, before walking away. "Assholeâ€|" He mumbles. The plane starts to shake a little. Dr. Jones breathes hard, indicating at the fact that making a movie based on an old tv show, has become annoying. "What's wrong?" the man asked him.

"Another movie from an old TV showâ€|" He said. "So what're you gonna do?" He asked. Jones checks his watch. "_**Just in timeâ€|**_" He thought. "Walk out." He said. The deranged man chuckled. "Very funny." Jones shakes his head. "No it isn'tâ€|" He said. Jones suddenly grabs him. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! GET OFF OF ME!" He yells. He opens the emergency door and fly out of the plane with him. Jones tries to keep his grip on him, but the man keeps wailing his arms and legs around. "Help me! Help me!" he screams. All of a sudden, a man in black approaches them with tweezers, cutting the time bomb off of him. The time bomb hits zero and explodes, knocking the three off balance. Jones pull a string to open up a parachute. The man in black dives in and grab the falling drug addict, before opening up his parachute. They safely fall into a white and red speedboat. The owner of the boat was a handsome 6'1" shirtless man, with two toned hair tied into a ponytail, wearing trunks and blue sunglasses. He goes by the name of _**Seth Rollins**_. Seth turned towards the screaming man.

"Nice flight?" Seth asked, chuckling. He looked to the man in black. The man in black takes his helmet off and reveals to be a 6'3" Samoan with beautiful grey eyes, a winning smile, and long, raven hair. He goes by the name of _**Roman Reigns. **_Roman smiles at Seth. Seth looks up and sees Dr. Jones safely landing into the boat.

"AH! YOU CRAZY BASTARD!" the man yells. Jones pulls a small voice changer device from his mouth. "Well, that was mean." The raspy voice says nonchalantly. He grabs the bottom of his mask and reveals to be a 6'4" man with shaggy, brown hair and mesmerizing blue eyes with cute dimples. He goes by the name of _**Dean Ambrose. **_Dean smirks as he watches the man freak out.

"What is this?! What's going on here?!" the man questioned. "Damn, I hate to fly." Dean said while taking off the and Seth smile at him.

"NO WAY! WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?! WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?!" the man yells. "Mission accomplished, boys." Dean said, putting on a pair of red glasses and putting his arms around them. They all laughed, as they rode off into the sunset.

**Charlotte's POV:**

Once upon a time, there were three very different little boys...One who was the life of the party, who lives in the moment, "The Boy Next Door", One who came from a very wealthy family, strong and determined. "The Sophisticated Samoan", and one who is the fearless troublemaker with a big heart and street-smarts. "The Wild Child" or what i like to say "The Lunatic Fringe." Who grew up to be three very different men. But they have three things in common: They're brilliant, they're handsome...and they work for me. My name is Charlotte.

End
file.